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# AD TIBERIM























By  
Brewer Mattocks  
PAX ROMA—or the  
Closing of the Gates of  
War, 1888,  
out of print.

AD · TIBERIM  
OR  
THE · FALL · OF · THE · GRACCHI  
AN · EPIC · BALLAD · OF · THE  
ROMAN · REPUBLIC

BY  
BREWER · MATTOCKS

PS 2000  
1876

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OPTVMORVM·ET·PRAECLARISSIMORVM·CIVIVM  
HVIVSCE·REIPVBLICAE·INCOMPARABILIS·STVDIOSORVM  
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EXIMIO·OFFICIO  
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MDCCCLXXXVIII

NOTE—TO MY COMRADE IN THE SERVICE, ARCHBISHOP IRELAND,—MOST AMERICAN OF AMERICANS, YET "THE NOBLEST ROMAN OF US ALL" AM I INDEBTED FOR THE FELICITY OF THIS INSCRIPTION. B. M.





*DEMOCRACY* has always held as the law of Life, and by which its Kingdoms have been ruled. With Man's first sitting as a junior member in the Parliament of Life he added not to democracy, and with the lapse of his term of service he will in no whit have lessened natural law.

The Epic of the Republic, with its epochs, eras and episodes, is a continued story, whose plot—the evolution of man's representative self-rule, with no change is still unfolding itself.

While the Republic was not originated by the Romans, the idea is essentially Roman, and by Rome was it named, and from whom have we inherited more than from our immediate forbears, the Anglo-Saxons. Scratch an American and you will find a primitive Roman! With the episode of the Gracchi the Conscript Fathers begin to fade into tradition while historical republicanism begins. As political brothers they spoke our language, seemed actuated by our motives, while their mistaken methods are largely ours. We do not make demigods of them. More, they are still with us in the flesh; moreover, as democratic demagogues—leaders of the people—they appeal to us; furthermore, they first stood for civic righteousness as we understand it. Yes, while history repeats itself there must be historical analogies, and wise the State which wisely heeds them!

The author makes no excuse for withholding for a generation what was partly written in 1888, and often since. The times are not always in our hands; yet, for the Republic, what was timely yesterday, is today, while tomorrow will not lessen its timeliness. With every session a new century of Congress begins.

B. M.

Edgewood Park,  
Pittsburgh, Pa., September 12, 1911.



## PROEM

What enters into Manhood,  
And to what conforms the plan  
Whose outcome is the character  
In what goes to make the Man?

True Manhood! Nay, To qualify,  
Or to question will undo—  
And yet unmake thro adjective,  
For all manhood must be true;

Nor manhood's mere manliness  
As a garment to be worn  
Upon occasion, cleansed when soiled,  
Or put by, or patched when torn.

To form are garments fitted,  
Fancy-fashioned for the day;  
No manhood can fit fancy, or  
When old-fashioned, disarray;

Or tender to occasion  
Which it may, or not create.  
Nay, nay, not so, occasion may,—  
More, it must on manhood wait!

Full many gifts a mountain bears,  
And great largess hath to give;  
While far beyond man's takings is  
All its vast prerogative;

Yet having all its holdings  
Which he may account of worth  
It still stands to point heavenward  
And mark pathways for the earth;

And yet with form dismantled,  
Stripped fir, and larch, and pine,  
And rived its treasury vaults of gems,  
Then its precious ores bemine;

When, toppled peak and pinnacle,  
And pulled down its masonry  
Man finds its fixed foundation stones  
Are laid deeper than the sea.

Thus mountains can be measured  
Not by altitude of rime  
Upon their brows, altho their heights  
Are immeasurably sublime;

By width, or length, or largess  
Which each scatters with its hands  
To leave its deep foundation stones  
Yet untold on which it stands.

Aye, much goes into mountains  
Which eye neither may, nor can  
Discern thro vision. Which is true  
Of his manhood in the man!

Now, what constitutes a Statehood?  
—Which, of the buildings of his day  
Was the first one to be edified  
And Man's last to pass away.

Is Statehood merely state-craft,  
Or its constitution writ  
But for convenience, or the times,  
And to but occasion fit?

Mere state-craft may be fashioned  
But to fitness of the day,  
And worn at will, changed, laid aside,  
But can Statehood? Aye, or nay?

What goes to make a Century,  
Which few human lives may scan,  
Or the cycle of an hundred years  
In relationship to man?

A century of the heavens,  
Or an hundred years of earth?  
One, the circuit of a planet, one,  
But a single oaktree's growth;

An hundred years of labor,  
Or a century of thought?  
One, the rounding of a minster's dome,  
One, false reasoning come to nought.

While an hundred years of manhood  
Stands beyond all reach of time,  
Yet to live within Eternity  
Immeasurably sublime!

Of its hundred years of Statehood,  
My Country, can'st thou say  
How thy century has met its past,  
Or will meet the Coming Day?

The century most potent  
In its accomplished worth  
Of all which have preceded it  
In the annals of the earth;

Nay, of Time's coming centuries,  
As his vision may forescan,  
None coming yet will equal it  
In predominance of Man;

Betwixt the Poles who dominates  
All the seas, the earth, the air  
And underworld; whose prowess leaves  
Him no further worlds to dare,—

What tribute hast thou rendered?  
What wisdom have you learned?  
What work has thou performed for it?  
And what wages from it earned?

An hundred years of Statehood  
Is a long, long time indeed,  
Then hold up thy front, my Country,  
That the Coming Day may read

What a century of Statehood  
Hath writ thereon, as lines  
Of deep thought on the faces drawn  
Of our Fathers whose designs



Planned for thy future Statehood  
Which thro all time must be  
As something to be reckoned with.  
What of thy first century

Now passed as thou wast building  
On the most far-reaching plan  
Which ever promised government,  
With his freedom, for free man?

Our Fathers laid foundations  
For upbuilding to your hand;  
Upon which hast thou edified  
Thy great edifice to stand

And tell the coming centuries  
Of how masterly you wrought?  
In which, doth each stone body forth  
Some great principle, or thought;

Or inculcate some lesson,  
Or instil some lasting truth,  
Or some idea incorporate,  
Or mark manhood in our youth?

For, hark ye! When foundations  
By our Fathers were first laid  
State-craftsmen of the Old World sneered  
When they said our Sires had weighed

Without stamped weights, and measured  
But with standards all untrue,  
While experience would disprove their work!  
Have we built with such in view?

Deep down they digged to found on rock,  
And four-fronted, staunch, to square  
With North, and South, with East and West;  
And, pray, did'st thou oft compare

Each angle with Truth's Pole-star  
That the needle should deflect  
No whit to either right or left  
That fixed righteousness detect

No trend toward indirection,  
And no warp, or leaning to;  
Plumbed by Law's level have you built  
After-superstructure true?

Could we but say our house was planned,  
As by freeman, for men free;  
Alas! we cannot, and say truth,  
When our shield of liberty

Failed to enshield; false-blazoned,  
Which all time may not efface,  
For freedom while we edified  
Did we not enslave a race

Unto our great shamefacedness?  
Hence, let us take good heed,  
My Countryman, that no more slaves  
We of any race do breed,

Or be bred beneath our roof-tree,  
For, with but one bended knee,  
Brow bent, arm bound we in-so-far  
Needs must fail of liberty.



One hundred years of building  
All along the World's highway  
O'er which its travel needs must trend  
To the Westward, we today

Would loose the Planet's waters  
To the Orient that they flow  
No more obstructed on their course;  
Thus, responsible, we owe

It to the coming centuries  
That this channel, sea to sea,  
Can but be plowed by friendly keels;  
And responsibility,

Far more, when we indoctrinate  
That no flag shall be unfurled,  
Nor acts to undemocratise  
Neighboring Statehoods by the World.

Our constituted edifice  
Was at first God-planned we prate.  
If so, make we expense conform  
With His sum of estimate?

Nought underdone, or overdrawn,  
And comply in each respect  
To what is specified in terms  
By His writ, our architect,

To-wit: three master-builders,  
While the one may authorize,  
And the one its plans do execute,  
While the one shall supervise.

And as we thus co-equally  
State-construction delegate,  
That neither does infringe, do we  
In strict righteousness equate,

With no equivocation, that  
While the one shall not exceed  
His limit of fixed powers prescribed  
Do we yield them each, indeed,

Full measure of prerogative  
As to hold the one in three  
As three in one, to thus subserve  
Our triune democracy?

Nor rest with delegation  
Of our powers; but do we scan,  
With care, material and craft  
Holds specifically to plan,

That our walls prove self-sustaining;  
And coordinate in weight,  
And equal tensile strain to bear,  
Which tests freedom of the State!

And fix thro nice adjustments  
The full liberties of each,  
That weakness fails not of its own,  
Nor that strength should overreach

Each pillar's pedestal so fixed  
As to stand on solid rock  
That when the Nation suffers jar  
Each integral State feels shock?

The Old World sneered: "Your Fathers  
Built far better than they knew,  
With the favoring stars above them, but  
Shall their great luck fall to you?"

Can we reply: "Our Statehood  
Hopeth nought from lucky star.  
No more it fears that Fortune's frown  
Can democracy debar."

Or, claim for our Republic  
No whit more, or yet take less  
Than equal rights for all mankind  
Under rule of righteousness?

While the Globe we all but quarter  
In our eminent domain:  
Whose Hemisphere for liberty  
As a world-power we maintain.

Let us not vaunt our greatness,  
Or yet boast our right-of-way  
O'er which the Nations needs must pass  
While they tribute to us pay,

But cause them to pay tribute,  
And exact it, less by might  
Of our material greatness, more,  
By imperial sense of right.

Last, let our Lamp of Liberty  
We have lit to light the sea  
Enlighten freemen, and not glare  
With a freedom but half free.

While finished the first century  
Of our statehood on the plan  
Our Fathers formulated as  
A republic, yet we can

Hark back full five and twenty.  
For we are of ancient breed  
And lineage: what we have grown  
Has all blossomed from the seed

Clasped in no dead, dried mummy's hand  
For all these past centuries: nay,  
Our Statehood's life from freemen sprang,  
Whose great workmanship alway

Endurance hath as their seven hills:  
While the manhood which they made  
Their cornerstone of liberty  
Has been ours: what they essayed

Has been our own experience:  
More, each great and grand ideal  
For which they strove has in our day  
Been held sacrosanctly real.

Rome's were our fathers, we their heirs;  
Rome's failings have been ours,  
Achievements, and besetments, too,  
With Rome's most transcendent powers:

With line and lineage, most our laws  
From Rome's legal loins have sprung,  
Whose form and phraseology  
Have found utterance in Rome's tongue.

In vain to say analogies  
In all statehoods does not hold;  
In vain to say the new is not,  
In essentials, as the old;

So, vain to say that trunk and bough  
Of the root is not one strain,  
As bud and blossom is not one  
With the fruitage, is in vain;

Or that the human family,  
With its many branches, can,  
With common root, bear other fruit  
Than the creature known as man;

Whose instincts, and inherencies,  
And whose institutions plead,  
At Manhood's bar, Life's common law.  
Thus do statehoods each precede,

While States do follow precedent,  
So may each of them discern,  
Thro like analogies, and must  
Each one its own lesson learn.

And thus with centuries. May God grant  
With our own first century passed,  
That its trend be not analogous  
To Rome's great Republic's last!





## BOOK I

### Chapter I

Six hundred years of statehood,  
With a century of world-sway,  
When Sovereign Rome throned on seven hills  
Now awaits the Coming Day,

Approaching, to claim audience;  
Whose rich stately equipage,  
With splendor of the Orient,  
Well befits his embassy.

Preceded by outriders clad  
In white garments: from whose spears,  
Borne slantwise, thro her Eastern Gate  
Bright translucent gold appears

Above their irridescent plumes  
Of gilt gossamer impearled  
Which floats the air like thistle-down,  
Beneath silken sheen unfurled

Of purple banners, azure tinged.  
Thus resplendent in array  
How great beyond compare must be  
The embassadorial Day!

With such credentials as he bears,  
With such offerings as he brings,  
With such fealty as he proffers Rome,  
Thro three hundred purpled kings,

Who rules queen-empress of the World,  
Tho not sitting on a throne,  
Nor sceptred, who reigns crownless, yet  
With all-sovereignty her own.

With whom the Coming Day would treat  
As in reciprocity.  
Thus, with stately service which attends  
His imperial embassy,

And endowed with such prerogative,  
Then, without saying, must  
This ambassador's great master be  
Most imperially august.

Who treats above co-equal powers  
For in empery supreme  
The rule of Rome with his compared  
Is as sand-grain in the stream

Of Time's onflowing current, which  
Turns its facet to the sun,  
Reflecting but one single ray  
When its present hour has run

Into Life's past. While Future's sway  
Is conterminous in scope  
With the marches of Rome's hither fears  
And her far frontiers of hope;



From which extending thitherward  
Unto Time's remotest bounds  
Where the great Sea of Illimitude  
Eternally resounds

To surge of its tumultuous waves  
Of vain questionings which mock  
His finite mind, whose turbulence  
There fall breaking on the rock

Of Man's crass ignorance! Thus the Day  
Who, preceded with such state,  
Should be followed by such great events  
Upon sovereign Rome shall wait

His audience at her Senate doors  
Where for six past centuries  
She has received, to send with terms  
Full so many embassies.

While ambassadors from Court to Court  
By strict rule of precedent,  
And immemorial usage, bear  
Their great weight of argument

With nice adjustment unto state;  
Hence so much pomp and equipage  
Attending mien and character  
Must as consequence presage

Grave and momentous issues. Yet,  
Till today, had never come  
An embassy with greater powers  
To imperial Court of Rome.

Nor ever held Rome greater sway;  
Nay, in vain were it to scan  
The annals of the World's wide past,  
Written in the mind of Man,

For precedent to Roman rule;  
Nor yet unto this hour  
Had more portentous issues hung  
On predominance of power.

Six hundred years of statehood,  
With a century of world-sway  
When Rome would from her seven hills  
Now treat with the Coming Day,

To smile on gifts he proffered her,  
Or to frown on offered threat  
While listening to his stern demands;  
For Rome, hitherto, had met

Unpreparedly no Coming Day,  
But with imperious grace  
Did mediate, or with each treat  
In succession face to face

On current questions. How she fared  
With each one who went his way,  
To give place to another one,  
Let her answering annals say

From old traditions handed down  
By the father to the son,  
But from this on tradition ends  
And her history has begun.

Rome's century past had all but fixed  
Most her conquests into rule;  
Where Carthage was is fallow ground;  
Conquered Greece is teaching school;

The Macedonian phalanx meets  
Roman legions but once more;  
Between the Tiber and the Nile  
There but hangs an half-hinged door;

The last great Scipio has brot  
From Numantia, keys of Spain—  
Which Rome in great exultancy,  
Lacking glory, does retain—

Etruria's twelve republics  
Are as cities of the dead;  
While Umbria's fair vineyards lie  
All but trampled under tread

Of horned cattle; Samnium sits  
Cursing Rome by the new graves  
Of her mighty dead; Campania breeds  
But to pestilence; while slaves

The rights of freemen now usurp  
As their bondmen, still they come,  
Ten thousand landed in one day,  
For the labor marts of Rome,

Where countless prows her water plow  
With the canvas never furled,  
For corn on which thro Tiber's mouths  
Rome, while fattening, feeds the world.

When, thro the gateways of the East,  
Most resplendent in array,  
Janus, High Chamberlain of Rome,  
Ushers in the Coming Day

To treat on questions that he was  
By his master bidden ask,  
The August Future, and in truth  
Was a more momentous task

Never laid upon ambassador;  
As, with lapsed treaties which forewent,  
This following, after should be held  
As a world-wide precedent

For future Statehoods. New, yet old,  
They called "Gracchian" and while we  
Hold his idea indoctrinate  
Do now call "State Sovereignty."

Aye, not before, and rarely since  
Have like problems which involved  
The times, with its democracies,  
Proven harder to be solved.

And never yet was present State  
By its future so put to  
For guarantee, or future asked  
By its present to construe

Its purposes, with pledges made,  
That the times could not gainsay,  
As Rome now of this envoy asked,  
Or was asked by Coming Day.

Not yet since State was given voice  
To put question, or reply,  
Times regulate, terms formulate,  
Doubt assert, or faith deny

Was one so hearkened to as Rome  
And whose phrases, nay, each word,  
Inscribed or spoken, from this on  
Should be ever read, or heard

As this language of world-utterance;  
Realmed in Letters, Law and Art,  
Theology, Diplomacy,  
Or that could so well impart

To nice expression, terse, exact,  
Be it written, said or sung,  
As henceforth should at least find root  
In Rome's lasting Latin tongue.

And last. These high contracting powers  
Which are now about to meet  
In diplomatic conference,  
To on pending issues treat,

Shall not confer in cabinet  
Or by whisperings in the ear;  
For tradition passed, now history comes  
To record what all may hear.

Six hundred years of statehood,  
With a century of world-sway,  
When we await both his demands,  
And Rome's pledge to Coming Day.



## Chapter II.

Ere his plowshare yet had furrowed  
The still placid face of Earth;  
Ere sore travail pangs of labor had  
To his arts yet given birth;

Ere his utterance yet knew Letters;  
Ere his Commerce showed emprise;  
Ere Man's questionings of Science yet  
Had been answered by the skies;

In a valley of the Appenines  
Now two dappled kittens played  
In the sunshine with the shadows which  
There the straight-branched beechtrees made,

To slip blinking from dark caverns  
Into light, as each one crept  
So soft-footed, when in playfulness  
Then the one to other leapt

With sparkling eyes, when, closing  
In a firm and fast embrace  
Till parted by obstruction, thence  
To run onward in a race,

As they tumbled down declivities,  
Or swept purring thro tall grass,  
Weaving in and out the willows like  
Silvery thread of molten glass;

As no longer now two kittens  
And twain further, but as one  
Great tawny lion's lengthened flanks  
Which lay stretched in noontide sun.

Aye, they knew it as a lion's  
When the dalesmen heard its roar,  
Ere the lightnings lit the Umbrians  
Whence fierce torrents downward pour;

For nought but a mountain lion  
Could so scare the bleating flock,  
And the lowing herds thus terrify,  
And the timorous herdsmen mock

In sheer wantonness. O Tiber!  
Thus insatiate is thy flood,  
And insensate too, when soon to be  
Deep incarnadined with blood;

Most insatiate of streams flowing  
In thy greed to grasping sea,  
And insensate, as thou can'st not feel  
For the fullness given thee.

When befronting Rome thy turbidness  
Is but scarce three fathoms deep,  
Yet all rivers' depths with thine compared  
No such valued treasures keep!

Now of Rome I ask thee, Tiber,  
Say then what thou dost enfold  
In thine embosomed secretness  
That she hath left all untold

Saving but to thee, with frankness  
Come, then, truly answer me  
Now of this her latest, and as well  
Of Rome's greatest century;

For unto it shall come happenings  
That have never gone before,  
While large events, with world-intents  
With it wait beside thy door.

First, Has manhood reached the limits  
Of its manfulness?—Some say  
As hath Greece in wisdom and in art  
So has Rome in manhood—pray,

Can man's moral bone and sinew  
Yet sustain but so much weight?  
Are there limits to self-government,  
And set boundaries of State,

Within which thrives democracy  
While beyond them—Do I go  
Far beyond thy depths, O Tiber? Aye,  
For this last thou dost not know!

Still thou hast in store much knowledge,  
For Rome never budded thought,  
That should bloom with speech, and fruit to act  
But she first unto thee brot;



For Rome holds thee as paternal,  
Of her offspring brot to birth  
Most have learned speech at Tiber's knee,  
Where beside, in childish mirth,

They sedately did play Statehood,  
And built forums in thy sand  
While child-tribunes faced boy-senators  
Whom they dared not to withstand;

And where, too, in tiny temples  
Brothers votive offerings made,  
And to household gods, formed of thy clay,  
Sisters reverently prayed.

Do Rome's children yet show piety,  
And unto Penate bow,  
As to gods of home and family,  
Or but worship mammon now?

When thy manful, toddling Romanlings  
Saw Lucretia's blighted home  
Then fast running at their fathers' heels,  
They helped stone the kings from Rome.

Now in lieu of lustful kingship,  
Which then proved the Tarquins base  
With a low licentious viciousness,  
Rules sweet virtue in its place?

Rome enjoys a large prosperity,  
And for which she does avow  
Unto her gods great gratitude,  
While she richly doth endow

For them each rare chiseled temples,  
With rich palaces for priests;  
While men whose swords carved prosperously  
Fare they now as well as beasts?

Should I ask Rome for truth-pleading  
To all these indictments she  
Would, demurring, lie, or all deny,  
While but silence is thy plea,

As thy waves lap without answer.  
Insensate beast thou art;  
And insatiate, while more grasping, less  
Of thy story to impart!

Rome used call thee, "Father Tiber"  
When she worshipped thee when thou  
Befathering, fed, befriended her,  
While she needs must feed thee now

As an hungry beast which ravens  
Upon her own flesh and blood,  
Where her best bone and sinew soon  
Will but feed thy fish in mud!

True, while from thy loins, O Tiber,  
Did'st thou her first procreate;  
Yet, as true, Rome hath corrupted thee  
All in common with her State,

As, beast-like, she tears the manhood  
Of her best-born limb from limb,  
While, reverting to the wolf she sucked,  
She loud howls, "Ad Tiberim!"

### Chapter III.

What see'st thou, Man-among-the-tombs,  
Who hold'st thy present way  
Thro these dead cities of the past;  
What do their ruins say

With that hushed voice that speaks to thee?  
Tho listenest as thine ear  
Would catch some whispered message. Pray,  
What is it thou dost hear

Above the sigh of mourning winds  
Which yesterday gave breath  
To wakeful folk whose sleep today  
Is the somnolence of death?

This is the morning of thy youth,  
Life's sun is yet scarce high.  
Then why pace as in eventide  
With a dropped averted eye?

Approaching thee I marked thy mien  
Of manfulness and might,  
Erectness, and of martial tread,  
But to note thy downcast sight.

Too, harnessed as a soldier. Say,  
Why whither hast thou come?  
And by thy carriage, and short sword—  
Dost thou not wield it for Rome?

And yet thou hast not Roman face;  
Mayhap, some alien strain  
Flows in thy blood. Etrurian?  
As the cattle on this plain.

Primevally of Tuscan breed,  
With lowbrowed herdsmen slaves—  
Both Rome's, not Roman—while the first  
Do now graze thy Fathers' graves,

The second rob, to lodge like beasts—  
Perchance, this is what stirs  
Thy mind to contemplation now?  
In Etrurian sepulchres.

Yet nought has living Rome to do  
With cities of the dead,  
Etruria looks backward, while  
Sees far-sighted Rome ahead.

Does not thy legion wait for thee  
Away in further Spain  
Where brave Numantia, now besieged  
Wars with mighty Rome in vain?

Aye, vain, beleaguered city, vain!  
No help will to thee come;  
When thou shalt fall, as fall thou must,  
The Great Sea is girt by Rome.

Why listenest thou among these tombs  
As living century  
Can hear those dead? Nay, voice it thou  
With an "Ave Domine"!

Hail Rome as master of the world;  
When, should'st thou thy voice thus school  
To adulation, then for hire  
Shalt thou yet share Roman Rule.

Among those tombs still listening, much  
Distraught, as if the dead  
Could speak to living ears! Nay, nay,  
Best thou hark to Rome, instead,

Whose voice is that of promise. More,  
Thy promise she will hear,—  
Then loud cry, "Ave Roma!" when  
Thou shalt have her listening ear.

For hearing ear means to youth most,—  
When age e'en listeneth  
To adulation. But small heed  
Gives immortal Rome to death!

Twelve cities of Etruria once  
Brot Rome's lone one to knee  
In supplication for its life.  
Now, Etruria, where is she?

Prone at Rome's knees with most the world!  
Then wilt thou presume to teach  
A present lesson from her past?  
Nay, let owls their wisdom screech,



While ravens croak their omens, but  
It more comports thy youth  
To wisely heed self-interest,  
And withhold from Rome thy truth

Till age have made thee circumspect,  
Thro ringing of thine eyes;  
While experience thy tongue doth slow  
But to speak what seemeth wise.

Yet wiser, with thy sentiment,  
To embody in some lay  
Thy wisdom for the world wise sing  
Of Democracies, nor say!

When, Rome will her approval nod  
If, incorporate in song,  
Some concrete virtue thou dost praise  
And rebuke but abstract wrong!

Hast heard of Marcus Manlius  
Who saved Rome but to mock  
Her Senate and her Tribunate;  
And of that Tarpeian Rock,

Where his split, and Most Rome's reforms?  
Then parrot this refrain,  
"Republics ever right themselves."  
Upon which dwell long, tho vain

To sing just how, more than with nice  
Abstractions—when she may  
Crown thee her laureate, whilst thou  
To great Rome hast had thy say!

Sing, imitating Ennius,  
That smooth time-serving Greek,  
Who praised the first great Scipio,  
Of the last then with laud speak,

Thy mighty kinsman. Praise his gifts,  
God-given graces, times—  
Praise anything, praise everything  
Which alliteratively rhymes,

With fulsome, facile, fluent flow,  
Teach thou thy tongue to praise  
Whatever happens happily  
With apt happiness of phrase!

Phrase Rome's "past manhood," "present  
state,"  
Her "great futurity;"  
Phrase her "world-power," "imperial sway,"  
But, take heed lest thou see—

Phrase, too, her "honest Tribunate,"  
Her "Senate's dignity,"  
Her "God-writ Constitution" phrase,  
Yet, take heed lest thou see—

Phrase "Free Republic," "Freeman's rights,"  
Her last "great century,"  
But what lies in Rome's sepulchers  
Phrase, sing, nor even see!

Thou hast no voice for song! Have ear  
Then for this classic lay—  
That Rome has copied from the Greek—  
Which she loves to sing today.

*In a valley of Gargaphia  
Where the bare-armed vines embrace  
The water-elms in wantonness,  
When, aweary of the chase,*

*Came the chaste Diana with her nymphs  
Their loveliness to lave,  
By leafage hid from Phoebus' eyes,  
In the cool insensate wave;*

*While the prattling streams with innocence  
Run blindly down the dell  
Where between the lilies blown, or born,  
Scarce the difference can tell.*

*But, not so with amorous Actaeon  
Who by day would furtively  
Dare a beauty that Endymion  
But by moonlight was let see.*

*While, beastlike, in the reeds he crouched  
At his most unlawful feast  
Diana's quick transforming eye  
Fell on him. When, made beast,*

*Hot Actaeon from his covert springs;  
Who, bounding off a stag,  
Is now pursued by his own pack  
Whence at his door they drag*

*Their antlered master to the ground  
But to lap his blood. Nor less  
Shall that man suffer from his own  
Who peers on Rome's nakedness!*



## Chapter IV.

Man worshipped better than he knew  
When by piety endued  
Each act of providence he held  
Of an all-wise Fatherhood;

Nor lacked he reverence to hold  
That his being and his birth,  
Divinely imaged, breathed upon,  
Was from womb of Mother Earth,

Who nursed him at her swelling paps,  
With vitality so rife,  
In common with both plant and beast  
One with Brotherhood of Life;

And wiser than he wot was Man  
When by symbol and by sign  
All her creation he saw good,  
And held Nature's work divine;

When, Godhead shouldered on the son,  
Fatherhood would imitate  
And by the Brotherhood of Man  
He did first create the State.

In sequence of the ages passed  
There has scarcely lived a folk  
To breed a State's endurance, but  
Over-shadowed by an oak.

Some virile thought conception had  
Of fixed principle, forsooth,  
Which quickened, when, its time being full,  
Came to birth a living truth

Thro such sore travail, labor pangs,  
That the trembling Earth did quake,  
While portents filled the Skies; or else  
With Man's liberties at stake,

Minerva-like, Truth then sprang forth  
War-empanoplied, and when,  
Because of dragons' teeth besown  
By oppression sprang armed men;

Or, Truth may be to being brot  
In the blushes of the morn  
When at the dawn of some New Day  
But a frail man-child is born

Inanimate, hardly viable  
And whose veriest gasp of breath  
Asks, is he coming in with Life,  
Or yet going out with Death?

For, born as maybe, none can foreknow  
From nativity, forsooth,  
Forecast his future to foretell,  
Or, Foreshadowing, foresee Truth!

And thus with Statehood. Which comes less  
Of mere statecraft to be wrought  
Thro working at, and much less planned  
By a reasoning Mind with Thought;

More, as o'ershadowing concept when  
Lowered man seeks something higher,  
With his loins of virile manhood keen,  
All a-quiver with desire

Of aspiration to beget,—  
It was more the Sabine rape  
Than plow of Father Romulus  
That the ends of Rome did shape—

Or a Statehood to incorporate  
With a body that can feel,  
Expand and grow, enlarging, learn;  
And, too, for its commonweal

Interdependent members, head,  
No more than hand and heart;  
And, wherewithal, much better, and  
A full further life impart.

When thus with Freedom to State wed  
Then Sense to Soul's embrace  
Should warmly thrill, while motive mean  
Must with blush suffuse the face

As something base and ill-begot,  
When, no matter what its name,  
Kingdom, Empire, Republic, it  
Must needs wear the front of shame!

So, vain to call live Statehood writ,  
Tho the pencraft be sublime,  
Or pattern fashioned from the draft  
With the wisdom of all time;

When, tho cast, or forged from tested steel;  
Comes a quick cyclonic strain  
When castings break, or forgings bend  
But to prove pen-draftings vain!

Still, may not State be edified  
Upon others civic plan?  
Aye, but as reproduction may  
Reproduce the like in man!

The Assyrians, and the Persians, and  
The Egyptians built of clay  
Whose manhood insignificant  
As their walls have passed away,

Save on the Oxus, Indus, Nile  
Their past dynasties have built  
Vast temples, or writ monuments,  
Both cemented with blood-guilt,

With the Sphinx as State-interpreter,  
Which, tho listening, cannot say  
Of purpose, or yet promise make  
To the Future's Coming Day!

Cathay and Ind small fibre have,  
But mere bamboo-folk who breed  
In man's similitude thro lust,  
But to war and famine feed.

Still, if Statehood needs should pattern have,  
Or each State must be designed  
On others, in the sturdy oak  
Let it type and symbol find;

To first mark its upspringing blade,  
When, dig down and number roots,  
Look where trunk seeks for sustenance,  
Which, then climb and number shoots,

Interdependent root with branch,  
When, cut off the one below,  
In that which corresponds above  
Then some hurt, needs be, must show.

Be bark abraded, or branch be lopped  
Then may trunk become unsound,  
Altho, perhaps, in some degree  
Time may yet have healed the wound.

Last, watch for fungus at the root;  
And for parasites which feed  
Upon its substance; for dry-rot  
To learn whence it doth proceed.

And yet herein should all prove sound  
Both the branch, and trunk, and root,  
With fibre proved, all goes for nought  
Lacks it reproducing fruit

To feed Life's hungry; and, far more,  
When time counts it with the passed  
May future, maybe better, trees  
Then be nourished by the last!



As grows the oak tree, so the State,  
And that which is true of one  
Must in the other stand for truth.  
While the each its course must run

In natural order, both have life,  
And have either sense to feel;  
While neither can show thriftiness  
That doth inner hurt conceal.

But each alike must pass! Aye, true,  
And yet since its growth began  
The strain of oak has never passed,  
Or his manhood out of Man;

Which had, each State may name itself,  
Or its rulers, and with free,  
Untrammelled manhood, in-so-far  
Is it a democracy,

Which lacking, by whatever name  
He may Statehood designate,  
Republic, Kingdom, Empire each  
In-as-much falls short of State!

## Chapter V.

Upon the slopes of Algidus,  
In Latium, there stood  
An human forest of oak trees,  
In embattled brotherhood,

Of such tough and sinewy fibre that  
To incorporate this strain,  
Or hew it down, Rome oft had sent  
Her stout axemen thence in vain,

For its grittiness so turned her steel,  
That when this last legion crossed  
Its borders, stout beleaguerment  
Held it but as good as lost.

When Rome would reinforcement send.  
“Nay! these ill-times need sturdier stroke  
Than lies within a Consul’s arm,  
Match their good with better oak.”

A Tribune of the people said,  
When now the Senate sent  
To fetch such fibre;—for then Rome  
Was eventful to event,



Ever proved eventual to her ends;  
And whose Senate always knew,  
With good stuff insufficient, where  
That a something better grew.

When now five of its purple came—  
Where in solitary pride  
A grim, gnarled, knotted oaktree stood  
In an half-plowed field beside

A wattled cottage, where within  
There dwelt an whitehaired one  
Who had followed into banishment  
His proud patrician son

Who had spoken plebeian Tribune ill;  
For, Mother Nature harshly hung—  
Or, whose war-bred father had not schooled  
Him to wag a civil tongue.

Here the Senators, this old man found,  
In but tunic, at his plow.  
Who, as with hairy arm he wiped  
The round sweat beads from his brow—

Beside his arm none mightier;  
Or than that plowed brow no field  
Had been more furrowed with deep thought,  
And had brot the State more yield—

“How fares it now with Rome?” he asked.  
When, if hearing, none replied.  
Then, as a blast roars thro the wood,  
He sent forth his voice and cried;

“Bring my senatorial toga, Wife!”  
When thus clad he sneered, “What now?”  
“The Senate clothes you with all-power.”  
So, Rome’s Dictator left his plow

To lead her legions. One night’s march,  
When another morning’s sun  
Saw beleaguers all beleaguered. Thus  
Had the Aequan Wood been won

For Roman timber; on whose cliffs  
Did Rome’s eagles, henceforth, breed  
A valor equal to her own.  
Altho vanquished, unsubdued

A Gracchus now the triumph graced  
Of a Cincinnatus. Brave  
As Rome’s bravest foes, yet so true  
As the fealty which he gave

Her Commonweal. Thus alien oak  
In Rome’s native soil took root,  
From which in coming centuries  
There sprang many a virile shoot.

And thus, from then to now, all great  
Republics of the free,  
Thro intergrowing strain with grain;  
Fresh new fibre in old tree,

A shoot from here, a graft from there,  
Root here, and there a seed,  
An idea past, or thought forecast;—  
In democracies do breed

Unto one face, and single front;  
Tho of divers tongues, maybe,  
Yet with a common thought to voice  
But the speech of Liberty;

As one of many, yet all one  
To plow, plant, and reap free field,  
And have to feed less favored ones  
With the boon of Freedom's yield.

Aye, so today as it was when  
By far Tiber took firm root  
On native soil a foreign oak  
To bud, blossom, and bear fruit

For Rome's Republic. Whence, with time,  
There grew another tree,  
Of Etrurian stock a Gracchian trunk  
Of such vital symmetry,

And righteous growth its scions gave  
One Censor uprightness,  
Two triumphs to one Consul, and  
Made a Praetor famed no less;

Save but Dictator, there was nought  
Which the purple could bestow,  
Or honor that could grace good name—  
And yet all which fell below

A moral greatness no less high  
In old Roman rectitude,  
Or in justice to her enemies,  
Than Sempronius Gracchus stood.

To whom Cornelia twelve times bore,  
Where she so enthroned her home,  
To wear the crown of Motherhood  
As the queenliest dame in Rome;

Who refused to share the diadem  
Of the Nile, on Egypt's throne,  
For the Tiber's lonely widowhood  
With crown-jewels all her own.

While Cleopatra pearls dissolved  
In lust, Rome's uncrowned queen,  
Cornelia, hers gave to the State.  
Thus does Woman choose between!

Virginia, and Lucretia, and  
Cornelia, these three—  
Maid, wife and mother—who have stood,  
To e'er stand, most womanly

As three women of three periods,  
To each one so play her part  
In the Sovereignty of Womanhood  
As to win its broken heart!

## Chapter VI.

When, at the hands of wanton Waste  
The breast of Mother Earth  
Of her greeneries had been disrobed;  
Where the nurselings of her birth

At its full paps once suckled when  
Their finger tips felt throb  
Of the great warm heart which pulsed beneath;  
Now, but sigh, with muffled sob

Is breathed upon the restless breeze;  
When from the staring eye  
Of a brazen sun within she shrinks,  
While her once full fountains dry

Thro burning shame, whose pallid cheeks,  
Having lost their blushing bloom,  
Tell the loss of happy motherhood,  
And an empty barren womb;

Who, prone, mourns all disconsolate  
With her bearing passed, where vine  
Erst clusters bore above her door  
Droops but cyprus, and lone pine!



Yet Rome stood shameless when her oaks  
Were gone which had renowned  
Her great ones, and from which her least  
For their valorous deeds were crowned.

Gone! glorious days of oak-wreathed hills  
When there were but degrees  
Of bravery and valor, where  
Highest crowns hung on low trees.

Gone! glorious days when manhood might  
Be worn upon the brow,  
When Place gave way to Principle,  
And mere Wealth to Worth must bow.

Gone! glorious days when sentiment,  
As ruddy moral health  
Was catching and infectious. Gone  
With the coming in of wealth!

Passed, most, those men of fibre  
By their compeers surnamed, "great",  
Beams of live oak that buttressed, while  
They upheld the roof of State.

Passed, too, most Rome's large Senators  
Who scorned to do small thing,  
Of whose three hundred pick blindfold  
When the touch must feel a king.

Passed, most patrician Consuls  
Whose pride proved but the thorn  
That pricked with obligation on  
To nobility inborn;

Passed, stalwart plebeian Tribunes  
Rare men of common birth  
Who stood for common brotherhood  
In a Commonweal of Worth.

All passed with old traditions  
That in sturdier days obtained  
Which as rough bark of oak-trunk, told  
Of their fibrous truth ingrained.

Nor yet came lack of leaders  
For her legions, men whose itch  
Was but to scratch barbarian dung  
That, befouling, made them rich!

Nor yet were lack of leaders  
In her Senate, or degrees  
Of leadership, Rome yet was led,  
And no more was lack of trees

Which fruited crowns, no lack at all  
Where they flourished now apace  
In curves, and rings, and circles which  
Crowned Venality with place.

Trees of soft woods, or spurious-oak  
With a redundant shoot  
Of clientage, which noxious flowered  
And but bore a specious fruit

That distilled a fierce intoxicant  
Which mounting to the brain  
Begot an hankering lust to get,  
Without scruple, power with gain.



Hardwoods always grow very slow;  
While these sprang in a night,  
Like toadstools from corruption rank,  
But to seed as poisonous blight.

Nor lacked Rome for tradition's pride  
That did prate of, "Self-made men,"  
As if manhood could be self-begot!  
But not so old Rome's, for when

Large manhood was but lowly born,  
And which showed a sturdy grain,  
Tradition held its forebears must  
Be exceptional in strain.

From earliest days where highways crossed  
Great Jovian live oaks stood,  
Centurians of passed centuries,  
Of tough, gnarled war-knotted wood,

Held sacred, as fixed guide-posts. Gone!  
And fresh-planted trees now grew  
Beside new ways, but thro old roads,  
To mark some short avenue

To Place and Power; right shapely trees  
Which the changing times bepruned  
To an harmonious symmetry,  
As, like instruments attuned

To lead the chorus, that it strike  
No harsh discordant notes;  
So today as new Rome's senators  
Were now wont to cast their votes

With little discord, as lock-step  
They kept with enterprise,  
While legislation kept in touch  
Thro the closing of its eyes.

Unanimous to whisperings,  
Where silent glance spoke more,  
To nod assenting, than harsh winds  
Which had roared cropped oaks of yore.

With uncouth phrase now obsolete  
When ear could hear the creak  
Of ungreased senatorial jaws  
Or, when ambassadors used speak

Archaic parable to sneers  
Abroad, but coming home  
Their meaning sped on eagles' wings  
With the ultimate of Rome!

Now, behind closed doors they treated where  
A negotiation meant  
One temple, and nine villas come  
And without a legion sent!

Which true, what good of oak in Rome,  
Or need to play the part  
Of patriot with patriotism  
But a matter of mere mart?

Oak timber works ill to make shelves  
For merchandising stuff,  
Nor lends itself to tooling, tho  
To helve war-tools not too tough!

Aye, Rome as a wealthy merchant  
Had need for salesmen more  
Than statesmen, with her Capitol  
But a vast department store

Where three hundred merchant princes  
But betagged the price of things  
Where policies were once prescribed  
By as many purpled kings.

Where civic ills were doctored  
By the dosing of a crow  
With chicanery, and dead fowls passed  
A live fundamental law;

Where, too, most Roman rights were passed—  
Where smoke o'er homesteads curled  
From former hearthstones, now estates,  
Where these buyers of the world

Built stately villas where they housed  
All that grasping wealth could wish.  
Where toiling countrymen raised corn  
Lazy senators bred fish

In marble fishponds; where the gods  
Once yield to labor gave  
Sufficient for its need, now Wealth  
Most of labor did enslave.

While Lares and Penates still  
Were worshipped in the home  
Of poor men, most the rich man's faith  
In his gods was gone at Rome.

Save but to serve as notaries  
To swear by, or attain  
A pious name by trooping them  
As poor clients in his train.

And while rich temples were endowed  
By Wealth, each one was built,  
Commemorating some good grace,  
But with proceeds of its guilt!

With last of life, and first of death  
And dissolution, e'er  
Decay, *risus sardonicus*,  
Or the demoniac sneer,

Sits on Man's front to set Death's mark  
Of ownership; so now  
That dire, and devilish sneering grin  
Fell on hers to but avow

Gone living faith in God, and man  
And in herself, which fate  
Tho sad in self, sadder in man  
Is the saddest of a State!

And so she sneered now at her gods,  
At virtue, worst, at faith  
In her Republic now Rome sneered,  
Whose corruption sneered at Death!

Gone! oaktrunks which uppillared erst  
The rooftrees of the State,  
With oak beams which engirded, and  
Proved for centuries adequate

To all Rome's need for Statehood, tho  
Which often felt the strain  
Of ill-advised state-craft, when  
Loud thunderings amain

From all four quarters of the World.  
Yet, despite whose oft defeat  
When with humiliation she  
Sometimes sadly went to meet

Her children armed in faction; still,  
Was this offspring not her own?  
And when by voice of Tribune were  
All their grievances made known.

Were they ere denied an hearing? Nay!  
More, whatever tempest broke  
On her rough-hewed Constitution, yet  
Stood it not for rugged oak?

Yes! Tho rudest constitution which  
A great State yet had known;  
Or which State's yet had ere compared  
With Rome's tensile fibre shown?

Gone! Like Tiber's old Sublician bridge  
It was oaken, steadfast, true,  
From which no citizen dared take,  
And no Roman add thereto!





## BOOK II.

### Chapter I.

As in uplands of the Umbrians  
Anear its fountain head,  
While rejoicing in a newborn strength,  
And by influent streamlets fed.

Then full easy for young Tiber  
Thro its inherent force  
To sweep aside, or flow around  
All that hinders its free course.

While in flat Campanian lowlands,  
With nought impeding flow,  
And when shallowed thro large widening,  
It is like to sluggish grow.

So, high-born in Mounts of Manhood,  
To great aspirations bred,  
With fixed family traditions  
Both to channel and give head.

It does seem now to the eager  
Onflowing Stream of Youth  
Not difficult to from its way  
Sweep all obstacles of Truth.



But to find when Life enwidens,  
With new motives intermixed,  
And old usage overlapping use,  
With sophistic falsehood fixed

To conventional conservatism;  
Then, with its energies unfed,  
Youth's enthusiasm weakens while  
Truth's endeavor seems as dead.

Nor less—with Statehood rising  
In Life's uplands of the Right  
What thwarts free course is swept aside  
Thro impetuous force of might,

But to find, as all States yet have found,  
Thro ill influence waxing strong,  
Hard to withstay its ebbing flow  
In lax lowlands of the Wrong!

As taught Tiber, so Tiberius,  
His youthful namesake, learned  
In the war with Spain, whose valorous deeds,  
With just dealings, for him earned

Both respect of friends and foemen,  
That his Father's righteous fame  
Had paved the way to influence  
Thro sheer force of his good name.

In its origin not Roman,  
Yet despite its alien birth  
Rome in her treasury of names  
Held scarce one of greater worth.

Tho from Latian loins sprang Gracchus,  
Yet in Cornelia's womb  
Life quickened, fed with Roman blood,  
Whose illustrious Father's tomb

Held the ashes of brave Scipio  
Africanus, surnamed "Great"  
Whose warring done, slept peacefully  
In aristocratic state.

When, with such brave antecedents,  
And with manhood writ on brow;  
To purple born, of knightly strain  
What to hinder this staunch prow,

Then, beneath Right's flag of equity,  
To set sail upon the main  
Of Life's yet untroubled Sea to win,  
And just Roman rights maintain?

Yet, withal, Tiberius Gracchus  
From the war with Spain come home,  
Was surprised to find, tho not dismayed,  
That rich Plutocrats of Rome

Eyed him all askant; while Senators  
Who had wealth amassed in trade  
Thro license of conniving law,  
For the most were now arrayed

Against him; yet the People  
Who would labor but could find  
No earnings; with old soldiers who  
Had before this served behind

Him as captain, in privation,  
Lacking homes, and corn and coats,  
Save war-worn harness, gave to him  
Roman confidence and votes

As their First Tribune; whose manhood,  
And whose voice, gave in return  
Both best endeavor and his means;  
Yet to have what many earn

Who do will and work for justice  
As their manhood says they must,  
For all that service had and done  
But the wages of distrust!

Nor was Gracchus first to venture  
At the helm of State Reform,  
For another had preceded him  
But to tack in face of storm.

One Caius Lelius Sapiens,  
For his wisdom surnamed, "wise,"  
In that his prescience did forecast  
Then, Rome's dark electric skies.

But yet was Gracchus witless  
To foresee? He saw behind  
In the wastes of lost Etruria  
What the Coming Day should find,

And did, to Roman scandal;  
Where the Manes of the Dead  
Thence called to him; while living prayers  
Upon Rome's dead walls he read

And on monuments petitions,  
Which their writers dare not voice,  
Lamenting hardships long endured  
Who, of his utterance made choice;

Too, his teacher's precepts, Blossius,  
With his mother's words, Nay, nay,  
Small matter what he saw, he heard  
Duty's call but to obey!

Yet, one's duty wears masks manifold,  
While Ambition who may trust?  
Well, what the odds so duty makes  
Man ambitious to be just,

And serve well his generation,  
And add lustre to the name  
His Fathers gave him, and enrich  
A most righteous family fame!

True—sailing, this young Captain  
Made far less note of the skies  
Than of his chart approved and planned  
By old mariners as wise

As ever sailed a Ship of State;  
When great Appius Claudius, and  
The High Priest, Cassius, Mucius,  
The Consul, stood on strand

To wish him Godspeed. So put forth  
A first ship, but we scan  
The World's horizon yet in vain  
For the last named, "Rights of Man!"

## Chapter II.

As First Tribune, Tiberius sought  
To simply re-enact  
The long lapsed old "Licinian Law"  
Which gave from the public tract

A fixed leasehold to Citizens  
For a low rent, of which  
The poor man soon was dispossessed  
By encroachments of the rich

Who took advantage of his needs,  
Thro foreclosure, or his name,  
With rights secured, to further land,  
Illegally, make claim;

Whereon, by conquered slaves, they grazed  
Their cattle; while, who fought  
To gain both land and slaves, to want  
And homelessness were brought,

Thro ancient law of license, which,  
Old as the greed of Man,  
Allows strength hold what it may get,  
Yet to weakness what it can.



Against which one Licinius,  
A plebeian Tribune, stood  
For enactment of a law more just;  
Who for his rectitude

Was then elected Consul; when,  
To wealth and power once come,  
He led in breaking his own law—  
As he went the way of Rome—

To put in force that older law  
Of casuistry which  
Makes one most conscientious, poor,  
But unconscionable, rich.

Or, while standing as a Tribune true,  
Yet, to as Consul, falsely sit!  
Still, Rome with laws for everything  
Made them on occasion fit

Most any case; so she affixed,  
As a mark of ill-repute,  
The surname to Licinius  
Of Stolo, (sucker-shoot).

Now while this ancient landlaw was  
But in dead-letter writ  
Its living, senseful spirit shook,  
As with an ague fit,

Land-Senators; meanwhile it chilled  
Their investments with mistrust  
Thro its enforcement. Yet this law  
Was most equitably just,

Or could be made so. Still, its scope  
Of justice did reveal  
Rome's vital unprotected point.  
Like the great Achilles' heel,

So now was Rome's. Tho stout of heart,  
And with heavy hand, wise head,  
Her heel proved vulnerably weak  
Thro its selfish trend and tread

Which none knew better than herself —  
That before had trodden laws  
To full behest, why not, again,  
This one tramp down? Because

Behind bowshaft a right arm bent  
Rome could buy, or break, nor bend;  
And yet foredoomed, as Paris whom  
The soothsayers did portend,

Thro his imprudence, dire effects,  
When his pregnant mother dreamed  
That her son would bear a lighted torch  
Which to Troy's destruction gleamed.

So, when Mother Nature has for long  
Been in a surly mood,  
While pregnant with some dire event,  
Life foresees vicissitude.

And no less sentience mark States  
In crises which betray  
What Seers of Statesmanship foresee,  
Tho unable to foresay.



When, the very Times do legislate.  
When, State debts must be paid;  
When, Times for Seasons do not wait;  
When foreclosures must be made

Thro Natural Law which operates  
Insentiently. Thus Rome  
Proved as such State, whose long arrears  
Found her Reckoning Day had come

Less, with Her new Sempronian-more,  
She upon herself did draw,  
With increment, the justice of  
The old lapsed Licinian Law,

Most natural, for maternal, which  
Held each mother for her own  
Both food and shelter must provide  
Until self-supporting grown.

While Rome had bred to Pride, by Power,  
Which is ever prone to thrust  
Its hungry offspring to the wilds  
Ill-begotten, as thro lust

Of conquest—to nurse wolves in hopes  
That they would develop jaws  
To rend her enemies; but worse,  
Rome's now ravened on her laws

As whelps of Anarchy; when, worst,  
Who now suckled these wolf-paps  
With wolfish greed proved Senators  
To in wolfishness relapse!

Ah! Life's fixed, Eternal Laws—  
Of which Man so doth prate  
With puny pratlings, ere man was,  
Which his God did legislate,

As laws of living, have not changed,  
Or ever will one whit,  
For elements, plant, beast, and Man  
Who doth yet presume to sit

In judgment, and ape-like, reform  
As he would his human clod,  
Or, relegate, reregulate  
These enactments of his God,

With which if he cannot conform,  
To their constituted plan,  
Life's Constitution still will hold  
Tho it may not uphold Man!

Now Rome, whose wisdom mothered Law,  
Seemed slow to comprehend  
Wherein a lapse of justice would,  
Thro ill-legislation end.

Yet her famed legal acumen  
Should, with prescience, foresee  
That heedless loins which lacked an head  
Could but breed to Anarchy!

Who sober and in right mind saw;  
But now, intoxicate,  
Conquered thro lust of conquest, she  
Could not justly legislate

Coherently, and wisely. Nay,  
For great Wealth, her paramour  
Who pandered to her wanton lusts,  
Whom she dallied with, felt sure

The Times would give her time to all  
Past obligations pay  
The August Future on demand  
Of his envoy, Coming Day.

Still, tho Rome was deeply in her cups  
She was not drunk enough  
But that she knew her sons were grained  
Of inherent Roman stuff,

To whom in yielding this just law  
Which gave the father land  
To house and home his family;  
That with this whereon to stand

As Roman Freeman, footed fast  
On hearthstone of his home,  
Here was a menace greater far  
Than as yet had threatened Rome!

And yet Wealth was just drunk enough  
To howl "Demagogue!" to drown  
Men's prayers for right with maudlin speech  
Of, "Imperialism!" "Crown!"

Yet when time comes for terms like these  
In a great Republic, then  
Democracy should hear it from  
But the lips of sober men!

### Chapter III.

When, with diplomatic precedent,  
Now the Coming Day had laid  
Before the Senators of Rome  
Full credentials, and essayed

To treat with them in the behalf  
Of the August Future, and  
Exact redress for present wrongs;  
Predicating his demand

On future guarantees, he met  
Both evasion and delay,  
With quibble as to vested rights;  
Then, as he came in bright array

With crimson robes beclad, so passed  
He thro gateways of the West;  
Where, with glorious vestments doffed, he laid  
With Placidity at rest;

When Hesperus rose, mute emblem of  
Said saying, and deed done,  
As the silent Hours now flitted by  
In the darkness one by one.

Of high contracting parties Day  
Was full satisfied to rest  
Upon his mission well performed;  
Meanwhile, Senators, oppressed,

Turned fevered pillows; while, proud Wealth  
His obsequious clients fed  
In luxury; while, wanton Lust  
In mad dithyrambic tread

Danced unconcerned; while, Poverty,  
With wakefulness, earth walked  
To post her complaints upon Pride's tombs;  
While, etherially, there stalked

The Manes of her mighty Dead,  
Present spirits of past oak,  
Unseen, yet seeing naked Rome  
Passing underneath the yoke

Of Humiliation, erst beclothed  
With such glories as made great;  
While tongue says nought of what they thought  
Of her present moral state,

Nor what they of her future feared,  
For of this incorporate host  
Not one was vocal, it was but  
As a disembodied ghost.

So thus the passing Day now slept,  
Nor had sought to reconcile  
Past happenings with Rome's present state.  
Wakeful ravens croaked meanwhile!



As the cock crew now the sleeper woke  
With Earth's fledglings. When the sun,  
Bright Phoebus, wheeled from Alban Hills  
His accustomed course to run

In the Forum he saw Coming Day  
Most benignant, with a smile  
Serenely calm; when, from the brow  
Of that time-worn beetling pile,

Fixed no less firm than Tarpeian Rock,  
The grim Capitol cast down  
From this bulwark of Rome's liberties  
The dark shadow of a frown

In which the multitude now stood,  
With expectance, which it wore  
Reflected on its stolid front,  
And behind it, as before

It stared with dread. Assembled  
For a purpose, was it? Aye,—  
Tho it appeared so purposeless!  
As it here and there gave way,

As it never did war-harnessed,  
And in firm lock-step, whose tread  
Resounded to Rome's purposes,  
When enlegioned, with small dread

Of the present; now the future scared,  
Each war veteran but the slave  
Of Civil Affluence, and to whom  
Right-of-way he meekly gave.



Until!—Obsequence all gone,  
E'en to Senators, when now,  
Like the sun emerging glorious  
From a bank of clouds, the brow

Of that downcast host uplifted as  
It loud shouted its "Ave!"  
When fullest right-of-way was his,  
Aye, against all Rome, as he,

Tribune Tiberius Gracchus, then  
To that Rostrum did ascend—  
Where his Father in his day had stood  
As the Roman Freeman's friend—

An young man, mildly mannered, yet  
All-resolute, composed,  
Whose straight lips typed their utterance,  
Nought concealing, who disclosed

Front of such frank sincerity  
So transparent self-intent  
Lurked not, or could behind it hide.  
Arguing without argument,

Nor need, the law he but rehearsed  
He would have Rome reenact.  
Yet his, unlike the Licinian Law,  
Held each leasehood all intact

To him who held it, and to his;  
Upon which should be assessed  
Fixed rental; yet which reimbursed  
Who thereby were dispossessed

Of ancient holdings, to the end  
That small hardships need be borne  
To who in good faith held their lands;  
While great land-graspers were shorn

Of immemorial privilege had  
Of more occupance, and insured  
Against more greediness; meanwhile,  
It all equities secured,

And held no rights but what it gave,  
And whose grant bestowed an home  
To homeless soldier dispossessed  
Of his ancient rights by Rome.

This, in effect was all he urged.  
But, when Gracchus looked and saw  
The rich man on the outskirts sneer  
At this righteous poor-man's law,

Their clients' interrupting, then,  
Like a bow, his straight lips bent,  
When, with its twang, a sneer-barbed shaft  
Of sharp irony he sent

With an incisiveness which pierced  
Thro Plutocracy's mailed crest  
To cut as with conviction, when  
He Democracy addressed

As veterans of his Father's fields—  
While his own sword was annealed  
In the war-flame of their loyalty—  
And to whom he thus appealed;

*The savage beasts of Italy  
For their refuge and repose  
Hath each its den; while valorous men  
Wont to war their Country's foes,*

*And expose life for its safety, whom  
'Tis Rome's pleasure to employ,  
Save light to see, and air to breathe  
Pray, what more do they enjoy?*

*Who, having house nor settlement,  
Yet with wives and children, fain  
Constrained, must wander without homes  
Until reconstrained again*

*By commanders at the Army's head  
Who exhort them once more fight  
For 'Altars and for Sepulchres!'  
How ridiculous! to incite*

*Old soldiers thus to valor when  
Aim for them must lack all end  
With homes, nor altars of their own,  
Much less monuments defend!*

*And yet you fight but to be maimed,  
And to speak not of the slain,  
To thenceforth live in poverty  
But to other's wealth maintain!*

*You, styled, 'the Masters of the World',  
And yet where, by records shown,  
Have you one single foot of ground  
Now to rightly call your own?*

Which words, historical, appealed  
But to Passion! Aye, But yet  
That history but repeats itself  
We should wisely not forget;

More, that all truth is two-edged, and  
Who tho it does make appeal  
To peoples' passions must in turn  
Find its other edge of steel

Doth likewise cut. As Gracchus found  
When, with most consummate art,  
Plutocracy now hurled its shaft  
At Democracy; which dart

As well struck home, when wealth appealed  
To the passion of distrust  
Of people in the Public Faith;  
While self-interest it thrust

Between—to claim, Octavius,  
And his fellow tribune, might  
Postpone vote till both terms expired  
By his ancient veto-right.

With whom Tiberius plead in vain,  
When he fain would reimburse  
His friend for lands held forfeit, yet  
Gracchus' drawing forth his purse

Had no effect. Yet, fatal act!  
For as votes are reimbursed  
Thro funds or friendship, in-so-far  
Is Democracy accursed!

When now, thro his tribunal power,  
Gracchus then did interdict  
All public business; locked Rome's vaults  
To disbursements thus restrict.

To in the interim bring forth  
A more sweeping, harsher law  
Which from the Senate to his side  
Did the common people draw;

As he from Reason now appealed  
To the passions; by which stroke  
He laid an arbitrary axe  
To the trunk of Roman oak,

To Revolutionize, yet which  
Rome's problems failed to solve.  
How fast all revolutions once  
Set revolving do revolve

Thro passions set in motion! Then,  
When election day rolled round  
Plutocracy removed the urns,  
And Democracy was found

In overwhelming numbers armed.  
When past-Consul Fulvius came,  
With Manlius, a patriot of  
That most honored name,

Beseeching Gracchus to desist,  
While from their far-seeing eyes  
Flowed friendship's tears. When now he asked  
What their wisdom would advise?



Each shook his head, while pointing him  
To the Senate. When again  
The Tribune climbed its hundred steps,  
As before, but all in vain,

For, the Senate's body owned by Wealth,  
Thro its members, heart and hand  
Could feel nor act, less, hear or see  
Saving at its head's command.

Once more he with Octavius plead,  
As a patriot, would he not  
Allow the vote? But no, his friend  
Had already cast his lot

Against who put it in his hands.  
When Gracchus' action closed  
The strife; when first a Tribune was  
From his tribunate deposed

In sixty and three hundred years.  
Thus the power to make unmade;  
While Rome's ancient Constitution's say  
By its sayers was unsaid!

Aye, so firmly fixed was Roman faith  
In her Tribunes that they must  
The People's wishes always voice  
That none had disproved her trust

Until today; nor till today  
Had one's self-interest proved  
Inimical to public faith,  
Or had Tribune been removed.



Nor till today had people dared,  
Lacking power, to lop away  
Dead branch of Constitution's trunk.  
Then, what may we think today

Of faith so fixed and steadfast? Or,  
Of a man who had respect  
But for his selfish interests  
To from such great faith deflect?

Or, of a manhood that should thus  
His constituents represent  
With such high-handedness, and yet  
With no selfish low intent?

This may we say, moreover, pray  
That should ever time arise  
When right seems wrong, or wrong seems right  
May God help us to be wise!

#### Chapter IV.

The royal lion, unlike beasts  
Of a less or lower state,  
Provides for and protects its young,  
Tho conjointly with its mate,

With such paternal providence  
That himself in times of dearth  
Grows lank and lean, gaunt, flabby-flanked  
For the welfare of their birth.

Too, when tawny Tiber's roar is heard  
In the North by sun parched South  
Soon it follows bounding to bring flood  
Which enslakes each thirsty mouth

Of streamlets in its lowlands with  
A quick flowage full and free  
Whose rising flowtide fed away  
It ebbs gauntly to the sea.

And thus with a paternal care  
Doth each natural kingdom suit  
Its providence to every state  
Which its laws do constitute.

So, sovereign constitutions should  
Both protect what they create  
Parentally, nor less, provide  
For each exigence of State

With exercised prerogative  
Over which their powers extend;  
While yet no act of lawlessness  
Can they lawfully defend.

But, when man's profit, or mere sport  
Drives gaunt lion to its den  
To hear its whelpings whine for food  
In their hungriness; or when,

Thro river's tributaries closed  
By obstructions, or its banks  
Lie parched thro wanton wastefulness;  
And they either on their flanks,

Thro dearth, lie panting with distress;  
Then, beware! that famished beast,  
Or of thirsty channel when pent skies  
Thro a cloudburst are released.

More, beware! When greedy Avarice  
An unjust advantage takes  
Of Constitution's letter, yet  
The true spirit of it breaks,

To hold but civil natural laws;  
Too, when driven to despair  
Bond freemen see their children want  
As from Hell, from such beware!

Still, Rome's constitution stood intact,  
By centuries, longer than  
Such instruments known hitherto  
For good State had governed man.

Tho Roman necks were often galled  
Thro its chafing of tough oak,  
Rough hewed, and so ill-fitting was  
This uncouth old-fashioned yoke,

Both unwieldy and unyielding, yet  
To hold back, as well as draw  
Served Senate with the Commons yoked  
As they bore Rome's Ark of Law

On the highway of Democracy,  
And whereon they stumbled, when  
The Ark was jarred, which an young man  
Would hand-steady, then, nay then

Ancient History did repeat itself!  
Still, this jar might prove but shock,  
Scarce more than grazing of its keel  
By a ship on sunken rock

Which quick turn of its helm had cleared,  
Or to sheer it from its edge  
Into safe water; yet, alack!  
This sunk rock now proved a ledge.

Struck from lack of proper piloting!  
Be the answer aye, or nay  
Rome's Ship of State had shoaled before  
To again get under way.

N'er launched was Ship of Liberty  
But whose bottom in some storm  
Had not at times grazed rock, or shoaled  
Which some timely used reform,

As wise casting over lading, saved.  
Now, in her crisis, which—  
Should Rome cast the poor man's equities  
Or the exactions of her rich?

So, once more her constitution held,  
While Rome's righted Prow of State  
Sailed with such help, and little harm  
As the casting over weight

Of selfish young Octavius, both  
By the Common's vote and wish,  
Who dropped where he could meditate  
In the belly of the fish,

Called State Expediency, upon  
What might constitute a flaw  
In constitution which proved bad,  
Unconstitutional, good law!

And yet the question may be asked,  
Had the people not to pay  
Too much for land at such price? When  
He, with speciousness, said, Nay.

As Tiberius Gracchus saw their act  
Filled the people with affright,  
As fully they now realized  
This illegal action might



Work ill. When thus he answered them:  
“While Rome holds inviolate  
A Tribune whom the people holds  
Sacrosanct and consecrate;

But contumelious, should he oppress,  
Or let suffrage be attacked,  
Thro lapse of duty or neglect,  
Which would abrogate the pact

Between such people and himself;  
Were it otherwise, he might  
Destroy her Capitol, or fire  
Roman Arsenal by night;

While in who dare make such attempts  
A bad Tribune should we see;  
While who assails the public power  
Is no Tribune, nor should be.

Is it not inconceivable  
That a Tribune should have power  
To imprison the people's Consul, while  
They lack right to disendower,

Degrade him should he use his place  
To the people's detriment,  
When both hold office by its votes  
That imply a full consent?”

\* \* \* \* \*

And more. But all de facto, vain  
When the people's race was run  
This apologia for the prize  
Which illegally was won.



What's in a name? Alas! not much.  
And yet all of Gracchus' blame,  
And shame, ill fame was all incurred  
By and thro the public's name.

Against whom the Republic turned,  
For it was a Consular,  
And large holder of the public lands,  
One Publius Nasica,

Who led the Senate, following Hate,  
As he threw his purple gown  
About his head, for shame, no doubt,—  
While who struck young Gracchus down

Was Publius Saturnius,  
A Tribune; whose defense  
Did Publius Sceviola make  
On the spurious pretense

That he acted for the public weal,  
Thus by three who had been named  
For *Rei Publica* at birth  
Rome's republic was defamed.

Now while but little lies in names,  
And less in apologies,  
Their does lie something in the fact  
That all great Democracies

May well consider. Such as this—  
Of how vain it is to dwell  
Upon a Heavenly Commonwealth  
With the public damned to Hell!

## Chapter V.

*"Idea Romae."* Life is short,  
So brief, with but a span  
Time can describe what circles all  
The being of a man.

When, with shoulders as the axis, now  
Once let his arms rotate  
They circumscribe both coming and  
The going of a State;

Then, turning on some mountain height,  
Enscoping Earth's area,  
Within his horizon he can  
Scarce compass one idea!

With every falling grain of sand  
Some human life has passed;  
And with each turning of Time's glass  
Does Some Statehood see its last.

Yet lives are false, and States untrue  
Unless each stand, forsooth,  
On some ideal principle  
Of underlying Truth!

If Rome was not the first to hold  
She was to formulate,  
And constitute the doctrine of  
A People's Tribune;

Which, with Gracchus first to emphasize,  
He was not last to find  
That ills before may far outweigh  
Much of past good behind;

To find, what men of State have found,  
And statesmen ever will,  
While spirit of just law gives life  
Its mere letter held, may kill.

Yet, the Roman Idea now rang true  
When beneath his sturdy stroke  
Which lopped a rotten bough, it struck  
Sound trunk of virile oak.

So this young Roman Tribune stood  
As the first one who dared  
To right Rome's constitution, wrong,  
Unlawfully, yet declared

The "Roman Idea" must prevail,  
To hold inviolate  
Its spirit, but mere letter void,  
Of the People's Tribune

Which stood intact to represent  
Democracy, and give  
State sovereignty but in-so-far  
As 'twas representative.

Could our wide fertile fields have voice  
To speak of what befell  
Life's manhood which brot them to yield,  
How would they love to dwell

On prowess of brave pioneers;  
Good missionaries who bore  
The cross that others wear Life's crown;  
Deft woodsmen ways explore

And blaze for brawny axemen who  
Laid forest giants low  
That faithful plowmen might break ground  
For wise schoolmen of the hoe

To plant, then till about Truth's shoots,  
And pluck each noxious weed  
Which else might nullify the work  
Of men who did precede.

Yet, could they, would these fertile fields  
Now carping criticize  
The oft mistakes of who mistook  
Unwisdom for things wise?

Or, when beneath some mouldering trunk  
Tilth finds a broken man  
Beside his rusted axblade, who  
Here fell upclearing, can

It tax his folly? Not while fields  
Bedew with sacred tears,  
As price of their fertility,  
Graves of martyred pioneers!

Or, could Civil Rights, incarnate, speak  
To tithe its sad whole told—  
What tales of moral heroism  
Could it with truth unfold

Of Freedom's evolution which  
Evolved the man from brute,  
To oft relapse, smug sophistries,  
How many, to refute!

Tell, with arms outstretched how motherhood  
For her children made appeal,  
When, fatherhood, all but crushed down,  
Felt but the tyrant's heel;

When, with scarce strength enough to rise,  
Life ebbing, on his son  
Shift freedom's heavy burdens, who,  
Thus handicapped, must run

His father's yet unfinished course,  
When, grandsire in blind age  
Now prayed, "How long, O Lord, how long  
Wilt Thou let the heathen rage!"

When, hundred years, and centuries  
Elapsed, and yet, alas!  
When, faith felt if there was a God,  
His heavens were as brass!

And yet, and yet could Civil Rights,  
Evolved thus, criticize,  
To carping sneer at who mistook  
Unwisdom for things wise!



And last. With such a pretty land,  
From wilds redeemed, as stage;  
Where, with man's civil rights as cast;  
With costly equipage,

Free worship, with free justice courts  
Free schools, free labor, and  
Free institutions, with free man,  
And, withal, a great free land;

Where, with unities ununified  
Of action, time, and place;  
Where, leading men play ill-starred; and  
Where, villian wears the face

Of honesty; where, right plays wrong;  
Where, vice as virtue-masked;  
Where, fools play sage, whose sage plays fool;  
Where, good is over tasked,

Yet underrated; yet where wrong  
Is e'er condoned; and where,  
The senators play demagogue,  
Where tribunes act not fair;

Where, lines are but mouthed into phrase,  
To with platitude smooth parse;  
Where, Democracy's great tragedy  
Seems played here as but farce!

Which should Freedom carp to criticize?  
Nay, nay! against such odds  
The spectacle is well worth while  
Both the sight of men and gods!



For, Freedom on its stage of Life  
Plays for no harlot's kiss,  
Or fool's applause; no more withdraws  
For carping critic's hiss.

Less, how Life plays, more, what is played  
Whose curtains fall to rise  
When freedom often may mistake  
Unwisdom for things wise.

A Freeman's life when lived at best  
Is but idea beclad,  
Or thought incarnate, Death may strip  
To by others yet be had

To dominate, predominate  
And held as truth to be—  
Tho false times hinder—and to hold  
Thro all Eternity.

Did Tiberius Gracchus, Tribune, act  
But for plaudit? place? renown?  
Was he a demagogue? or, worse,  
Would he have from Rome, a crown?

—But an youthful axeman who essayed  
What his elders did appall,  
Who would lop off a rotten branch  
And was crushed beneath its fall!

## Chapter VI.

While diplomacy hath many tongues  
And varied forms of speech  
To thought reveal, or else conceal,  
With significance to each;

So various expressions, too,  
It wears as garbs designed  
To clear or cloak, and to make plain,  
Or to, maybe, mask its mind.

So matronly proud Mother Rome,  
And as housewife prescient,  
Who believed that omens did presage,  
Or foreshadowed each event

That happened in her household; while  
Her son's Tiberius, eyes  
Perused earth's portents, now hers read  
From the pages of the skies;

While he saw, humanly, events  
Did follow a known cause,  
She, divinely, held the Elements  
Did precede them by fixed laws.

That night, with pillows often turned,  
As were her thoughts, Rome lay,  
Foreboding, how that she should meet  
The dread Future's Coming Day.

When, between the first and second cockcrow,  
Deep mutterings were heard  
As Albanus, warden of the hills,  
Rose majestic with the third;

Yet not sun-tipped, and crowned with light,  
Before the day, for now  
A lowering, dark and threatening cloud  
Did all overhang his brow,

Black as the ravens which Rome held  
Portended Gracchus' doom  
But yesterday; whence baleful eyes  
Now outshot to pierce the gloom;

As from the upper Umbrians  
Was heard the distant roar  
Of ravening Tiber seeking prey  
On-thundering at Rome's door

With loud reverberations that  
Shook foundation stones which lay  
Beneath Rome's seven hills. And thus  
Was the scowling Coming Day

Now ushered in by whispering Fear,  
As all the voice he had  
Dared not be uttered. Where Day stood,  
In dun sombre garments clad,

Over against the Capitol;  
Whose eyes this fateful morn  
Flashed vividly with angry glance  
As they fell upon, to scorn

Rome at his feet; whose palaces  
And white temples, erst so brave,  
Now trembling shook like gibbering ghosts.  
Thus, as in silence of the grave,

Dark Coming Day in stillness stood  
With no increasing light.  
Was this the dawn of her new day,  
Or the gloaming of Rome's night?

It must mean night; for fowls from coops  
Seemed all affrighted back  
As in the eventide. So, too,  
Roman citizens, alack,

Emerged from—but to home again.  
When, a portent now was seen  
Far more portentous; as upon  
Crest of high Mount Aventine,

Amid its whitened monuments,  
Villas, temples stood a group  
Of low pitched tents, before which now  
Seemed high palaces to stoop,

As in obeisance, whence was waft  
A muffled sobbing wail  
Of hurrying wives to refuge seek  
Where its quest did not avail.

When, louder Tiber's roar was heard;  
Then, with an instant flash  
An ancient oak trunk now was hurled  
To his foaming jaws with crash

Like to a constitution felled  
And hurled into a flood  
Of lawlessness! Which could not wash  
From her Forum the first blood

Of her last century, just begun,  
Which, increasing, yet should drown  
The Republic in a bloody sea  
Ere Augustus wore Rome's crown!

Three hundred bludgeoned in one day!  
On whose bodies were not found  
A spear's thrust, or one sword's cut, all  
Slain without a battle-wound.

Three hundred bludgeoned! Tombs denied  
To each, as well as home,  
And yet to think that every breast  
Had been often scarred for Rome!

Three hundred who were blindly led  
By a leader who today  
Could no more see, or say to them,  
Nor they answer aye, or nay.

Three hundred now, which half score years  
Will multiply by ten.  
So great the cost of Civil Rights  
When the price is paid in men!





## BOOK III.

### Chapter I.

*Ah, Life's voices, virile voices  
Thro which fertile minds are brought  
To conception by implanting  
Germinating seeds of thought!*

Had the Coming Day elected  
Wisely, or had he no choice,  
Treating for the August Future,  
When he chose Tiberius' voice,

So soon stilled, who might have chosen  
One Experience had proved,  
Both on field, and in Rome's Forum  
Wiser; then why not behooved

That great Scipio Numantinus  
So well versed in Roman laws,  
Apt in art of legislation,  
Should have voiced the Peoples' cause,

To convince, and will conviction  
In that with which he had concurred,  
Nor contest the constitution,  
Why was Scipio's not Preferred?

*Long-lived voices, world-heard voices  
Of old statesman, seer, or sage  
May say less than Youth made vocal  
With ideals of his Age!*

With each great idea goes utterance,  
With strong hands to do its task,  
With fleet feet to do its mission,  
With no choice—nor need to ask,

When the very times have utterance,  
Why Day does pass Wisdom, and  
Upon inexperienced Folly,  
So accounted, lay command?

Nay, he knows in certain crises  
Wisdom bends, knowledge may bind;  
While Experience heeds Expedience;  
To but in rash Folly find

Will with all-impelling impulse.  
Tho, apparently, unwise,  
Still, thro Motive set in motion  
Idea breeds to Enterprise

Thus begetting action. Romans  
Saw more purpose in straight flight  
Of a raven, than Jove's eagle  
Perched upon Olympian height;

More in elemental motion  
Than the Great Sea in repose;  
More, than in dumb acquiescence,  
The loud wacry of their foes.

*Voices, voices all-impelling  
Manhood into action may  
Tell far more for human freedom  
Than its voiceless tomes may say!*

Wiser than a listless Senate  
Legislates a floating straw;  
Wiser knave who knows its license  
Than just judge who issues law

On whose bench he sits supinely  
To enforcement; and, for aye,  
Wiser may the Common's folly  
Voice the mind of Coming Day

Than a Senate's wit-wise silence.  
Ignorance with wide-open eyes  
Wiser sees than hoodwinked Knowledge;  
Fools say than the tongue-tied wise!

For, once loosed, unleavened logic,  
That interprets true the mind  
Of its day, to wrest its meaning  
Dogmatists can break nor bind.

Oft, than crowned head stately nodding  
With stuffed axioms of State,  
Grins more statecraft from the empty  
Fool's skull that becrowns his gate!

Spake not dead slaves more for freedom  
Than live freemen all beside  
When Rome's plutocratic Consuls  
Twenty thousand crucified?

*Life's loud voices, thrilling voices,  
All-impelling, sung or said,  
Often are far less compelling  
Than still speech of silent dead!*

When she stilled that of Tiberius  
With, "Ad Tiberim!" the wave  
Of still Tiber was made vocal  
To return the voice Rome gave,

Rising higher, sinking lower—  
Was it panting of a beast,  
Lying perdue with its hunger,  
Or engorgement after feast?

Yet so many Roman voices  
Venal Wealth, by gold, had stilled;  
Or, thro power, with place, her Senate  
Had controlled them as it willed,

While still more it awed to silence.  
Never had Rome been so dumb  
As when, ceaseless as its flowing,  
Tiber ever whispered, "Come!"

Calling, calling, ever calling—  
Could Youth's hearing but make sure  
As between the call of Wisdom,  
Or of Folly to allure;

Call of Vice or call to Virtue;  
Call of Sire, or Sirens' wiles;  
Call of Manhood to high purpose,  
Or low Pleasure who beguiles?

*Ah! these voices, calling voices,  
Call they as the voice of Truth?  
Or of Falsehood? Old Age deafened,  
Oftener heard by listening Youth.*

Caius eared, nor listened listless,  
But who loins of Mind did gird,  
With enduement of Endeavor,  
As in Tiber's voice he heard

That which Rome, thro long years deafened  
Thro Complacency, heard not,  
While his manhood's strong Will fibred  
Hers Wealth withered by dryrot.

Caius Gracchus ten years listened  
To his martyred brother's voice;  
"Come!" Tiberius' called, "Come, Caius!  
Rome has left you now no choice,

Nor escape, why do you tarry?  
Ours means life of martyrdom;  
Spend the one to buy the other  
In the people's service. Come!"

Thus, from early adolescence,  
Day and night he heard this voice  
Of his elder brother calling.  
When of service he made choice.

*Ah! Life's voices, calling voices;  
All-impelling, good or ill;  
Tho one may not stay their calling  
He may answer as he will.*



## Chapter II.

Vain, to predicate the flow  
Of a river on its source;  
Or its volume to foretell  
Till told influents on its course;

Nor foresay its current's force.  
Until known its channels, and  
What obstructions it must meet,  
And what obstacles withstand.

When, knowing all, or nought of these  
Certain that, eventually,  
It perforce of natural laws,  
Must find outlet in the sea

To commingle waters; when,  
Spilled, nor spent one drop in vain  
To free fountains on the hills,  
Circuiting, 'twill come again;

Whence, descending from the clouds  
It will feed spent springs once more,  
Thence, replenished, undiminished  
To flow seaward as before.



Thus, with Life's springs of human action.  
Vain to first foretell their flow  
Till foretold their rising source  
Definitely; or foreknow,

To their outflows predicate,  
Till one knows what did precede,  
Influents, motive, purpose all  
That might influence the deed.

Still, who scopes virile manhood best  
Knows despite obstruction, course,  
Windings, turning on itself,  
With an all-propelling force

Must, thro course of natural law  
Of Life's innate and impent,  
Yet unto its purpose come,  
And, thro action, find event.

Strenuous living! Life's enough.  
Never yet lay manhood dead,  
More than valleys of the earth,  
Each some ancient river's bed,

May no more be reckoned with  
By live waters; be their source  
From pent skies, or earth surcharged,  
In the course of time, perforce

Of Life's fixed eternal law  
That sweeps waters to the sea,  
And returns thro uplift. So  
Manhood lifts Humanity.

Which Tiberius' manhood proved,  
Whom Rome held as he was not,  
With his grave unmarked, to find  
In one decade on each lot

Of full three score thousand homes  
His fixed monuments of stone.  
Now, sixty generations passed  
Gracchan-landmarks are our own.

When the elder's providence  
Did his younger brother mark,  
One of three, to lands allot  
Nothing strange that he should hark

Back to voice which bade him on;  
Nor to call of duty shirk.  
Landmarks must be further set;  
Younger finish elder's work,

Thus to bring ill times to good,  
Good to better, nor to rest  
Till for human brotherhood  
Younger brothers do their best!

Caius, younger but by years,  
Yet, for all that had been done,  
Or should be, these were reversed  
To the less prove larger one,

Who to manhood came with Grief;  
Called to duty by foul Wrong;  
And by harsh Experience made,  
Thro great burden-bearing, strong.

Nature largely gives but once.  
If its fruitfulness be rife  
In its youth, its age must lack  
Fruitage from the Tree of Life.

So with man. Through youth to age  
It oft gives to him renown,  
Still, both sides of fifty years  
Rarely does man wear Life's crown;

Rarer still, with lavish hand,  
Mother Nature to son gives  
Varied excellencies with  
Multiplied prerogatives;

While yet rarest, gifted youth,  
Cognizant of his great dower,  
As did Caius Gracchus bring  
Buds of promise to full flower.

All Rome's influence was his;  
All Rome's power to move, and will  
All who heard his utterance,  
All-impelling, to fulfill.

While innate his varied gifts  
Caius cultured each with art,  
Soldier, statesman, orator  
And athlete; yet, withal, heart

Was the soil on which they grew.  
What the part without Life's whole?  
What its whole while purposeless?  
What Life's purpose lacking soul?

Land allotments finished, then  
Vengeance for his brother's death  
Caius' hatred now conceived,  
But to die a stillborn death

At Cornelia's word. Who said—  
"Nought more glorious to me  
Than retaliation fall  
On my enemies, could it be

Without ruin to the State;  
Yet far better they remain  
All unwhipped, a thousand times!  
Than my Country suffer." Fain

Must the son obey a voice  
By whose precepts he was bred;  
Thro whose words his brother was  
To his great achievements led

Where he died unsepulchred.  
So her last son had no choice  
But to turn from vengeance. Yet,  
Heard he not Ambition's voice?

Rivers pure, and high of source—  
Tho they slake a thirsty land  
Bounteous with beneficence,  
Needs, perforce, on either hand

More or less corruption drain  
Thro large, and ill influents fed—  
Must at times rise to floodtide  
To much devastation spread.

So; risen from uplands high and pure  
Flows the current of reform;  
When, swelled by evil influence,  
Or cloudburst of Passion's storm,

May work harm where it should help,  
And thro wrong undoing make  
Not for righteousness, instead,  
But a terrible mistake.

Vain, to say necessity  
To the wrong may right compel  
As to say Heaven may be brot  
Down to earth by raising Hell!

Who plants thistles to kill tares  
That his corn may have the field  
Needs must find such killing gives  
Larger life to thistle-yield.

Or, when constitution but  
Constitutes constituent's ill  
It's own cure it must conclude,  
By conclusions drawn, to kill!

When the Senate, in the wrong,  
This sharp instrument now wedged  
Between the people and their rights  
It was found to be two-edged;

And, when, seditiously, it laid  
Their sedition it soon learned  
That its counter cutting edge  
Then upon itself was turned.



So, when yielding to their law,  
As it was compelled to yield,  
In the bludgeoning it's friends  
Now seditiously a field

Wide as Roman state it sowed  
With sedition which destroyed  
Law's beneficence to make  
All Rome's constitution void.

If Ambition Caius led  
So the Brothers by the same  
All-impelling power were borne,  
Separate born, tho of one name

With which they swept all before,  
Under influence good and bad,  
Yet with course beneficent,  
Each a like ambition had;

Then, about the Sacred Isles  
Of man's martyrdom be twain,  
To at length united be  
In Time's ever widening main.



### Chapter III.

Man has ever held, innately,  
When a pregnant Age gives birth  
To an issue of great moment,  
Which involves mankind, the earth

Wracked with pangs of pain portentous  
Groans upheaving; while the eyes  
Of the conscious Heavens flash lurid  
Ere they close on darkened skies.

But law of association?  
Still, while Superstition goes  
With crass Ignorance, led by Folly,  
Comes more wisdom than Man knows!

By coincidence most curious,  
History cites:—ere Caius' death  
Enceladus, Etnian giant,  
Spumed forth with a fiery breath;

While the paps of Earth this season  
Swelled with red Falernian wine  
Heady, fierce intoxicating  
From each overladen vine;

Which, when ripened, maddened Marius;  
And made Scylla drunk to flood  
All of Italy with carnage,  
Worse, with fratricidal blood

To Rome's ruin. Both her offspring,  
She their mother, teacher, guide;  
Each patrician, and yet Scylla  
Whored, while Caius, working, died.

Scylla's vicious youthful manhood  
Saw these grapes grown; heard the tread  
At the winepress; felt the earthquake;  
Gazed on portents overhead.

While the grapevines of this vintage  
Most were Gracchan-planted. Ah,  
How purblind is Man's discernment  
From the rising of his star

To high Zenith till its setting!  
Thus while one did plant his field  
Without heeding portents, other  
Reaped its most portentous yield.

Now, as then, the Heavens foreknowing  
Warns the one who plants the vine  
With some token, that the winepress,  
By Law trodden, may run wine

Which makes one with wisdom wiser,  
To with folly make drunk nine!  
Thus it doth behoove vine-planters  
From the Heavens to seek some sign.

Must chaos precede creation?  
As thought follows after dream?  
Must a flood of devastation  
Flow with every mountain stream?

Man must learn his limitations  
Thro the boundlessness of skies;  
Must be taught Law's observation  
Whose observance should make wise!

Errant are most human fluxions  
Which lack logic, while they draw  
To most logical conclusions  
Thro a fixed inerrant law

Moral, cosmic, or yet chemic,  
Which alike must work perforce  
Of law which lets waters equal,  
Yet not rise above their source.

But to point of saturation,  
Too, may known solution rise,  
More produce precipitation,  
Or cause it to crystallize.

Stated heat will melt all metals,  
More is like to sublimate,  
While a fiercer one makes gaseous  
To consume. And so with State.

Static laws, too, govern statehood,  
Which, reformed for good, work ill  
If reform to reformation  
Goes not with statecraft's wise skill.

Had the Gracchi this? or raised they  
Genii which they could not lay?  
Or, thro power, set that in motion  
Each was powerless to stay?

And blew heat which melted metal  
Which right motive might not mold?  
Or, and worse, dissimulating,  
Blew with one breath hot and cold?

Wisdom asked—when Folly pertly  
Answered with his ancient fling—  
Old as man, yet new as maudlin—  
“Nay, but either would be king!”

Else, “It is not democratic!”  
Who “Imperialism” brays  
As all new ideas he hails with  
Some dead and bedamned old phrase.

Or, when big idea advances,  
“Stop it!” mouths the little mind,  
Or, when master-head arises  
“Lop it!” howls the servile hind,

Always apt to ape an anarch,  
(Passing strange! who lions pass  
Without fear oft scare when challenged  
By loud braying of an ass.)

So, today, as it was ever,  
Anarchism needs must yell  
At who fain would head—to show it  
Out the nearest way from Hell!

All Republics are imperial,  
While Democracies are strong  
In-so-far as they fear only  
What is unjust, mean and wrong!

While imperialism which threatens  
Each lies less in lifted crown  
Than from sovereign manhood lowered  
To clutch at what lets it down;

Less, from donning by the subject  
Purples of a reigning king,  
More, the doffing of high manhood  
And being subject to low thing!

This then was the Gracchan idea,  
Imperialistic in emprise,  
From Rome's solvent constitution  
To crown jewels crystallize,

When, cast from fierce fires of ambition,  
Mount them in its golden crown,  
Symbolizing sovereign statehood,  
To Democracy's renown,

Intact hold royal traditions,  
When, defections thus impearled,  
Crown with diadem of Justice  
Rome Queen-Empress of the World,

When, thro power lodged in the People,  
Senator turn Citizen,  
Whom, from Senate in the Forum  
Gracchus turned and spoke to men;



Where, Plutocracy behind him,  
In Democracy he saw  
Rome's great future. Still, the Senate  
Blind to portent of the straw,

Saw too late to stay its progress  
In Law's current as it whirled  
Mammon should not rule but Manhood,  
Men, not Money, Roman world.

What a grand imperial idea!  
More, wise Caius would create  
Affluence as a mighty buttress  
To, thro service, strengthen State.

Wealth that should serve State, now mastered;  
Wealth that should have State obeyed;  
Wealth that should have helped State, hindered;  
Wealth that should beget, betrayed

Roman valor, Roman virtue;  
What should nurture Roman health,  
Roman strength and standing sickened  
Rome thro venal Roman wealth.

Must man e'er be cursed thro blessings?  
Must man's good to ill impel?  
Must man's Heaven-sent gifts impoverish  
Man to gnaw his nails in Hell?

It would seem so! Thus Republics  
Have less cause to fear the rule  
Of who would be king imperial  
Than who is imperious fool!



Caius saw, to recognize the  
Powers of Wealth, and understood  
How in proper channels Commerce  
Might inure to Roman good

When he halved the Senate's powers,  
By its numbers doubling, and  
Plutocrat made with Patrician  
Equal in its chamber stand;

As he added Wealth's three hundred,  
Who before had market made  
Of the Senatehouse, to henceforth  
Legislate just laws for trade;

For which he now built straight highways,  
Public, that trade bear its load  
To Rome's markets without hindrance,  
Or by crooked private road.

When, he saw to it each soldier  
Might thro service win an home.  
And, while he no whit detracted  
From the central power of Rome,

He would have her walls encircle—  
Increase City into State  
Thro the colonizing Romans  
Oversea. New courts create

Of integrity before which  
Rich and poor might each plead cause,  
One no gainer, or one loser  
Thro miscarried Roman laws.

Thus he laid more stress on Justice,  
And on Legislation less,  
When he held that a Republic  
Should be ruled by Righteousness,

Nor without which could be freemen,  
Nor freemen be fully free;  
Nor, withal, could there be freedom,  
Nor a true Democracy.

While unwise some undertakings,  
Time-untempered, he foresaw,  
Nor untimely, and most wisely,  
Uniformity of law

Rome most lacked. Thus he provided,  
Not by money, but thro men  
Civic rule, nor with the bloodshed  
Of a single citizen.

Aye, a bloodless revolution  
Brot about within the hour;  
Thus—the Gracchan reformation  
Thro no arbitrary power,

Save that lodged within the Tribunes,  
Backed up by the People's will:  
Altho much of benefaction  
Did the Senate frustrate. Still

Revolutions keep revolving  
Then as now, and will alway,  
While, in turn, each one must reckon  
With the Future's Coming Day!

## Chapter IV.

While he was rebuilding Carthage,  
As Junonia, anew  
Came a storm which snapped his standards,  
And most Gracchus' offerings blew

To fierce wolves, nor stayed his working,  
Tho they carried off by stealth  
All set landmarks; by which Juno,  
Stern Goddess of War, and Wealth,

Testified her dire displeasure;  
Ominous, still, Caius saw  
In all this but legislation  
Of Life's common natural law.

Yet Law legislates thro omens  
Both of earth and in the skies.  
But, who aphorism aptly  
Of his Age reads is most wise!

As who sees too much sees little,  
While who sees less sees far more;  
But, who sees too much, or little  
Sees, thereafter, to deplore!

He who, heretofore, the People  
Would address must Senate face;  
Yet, this precedent unheeding,  
Gracchus faced the populace,

But to see who scouts observance  
Should see to it he observe  
What comes of unobservation,  
Lest, by that wherein he swerve,

He be swung. While, too, observing  
That a leader who would lead  
From established ways his following,  
To old precedents unheed,

Should himself be well established.  
So, whose breath blows new reform  
Should securely fix old standards  
'Gainst the upblowing of storm.

Last, who propitiates, thro giving  
To the people's gods, should heed  
Both sky-omens and earth-portents  
Lest his offerings but wolves feed.

Caius, natural laws observing,  
Failed to see when hoisting sail  
But to catch the People's favor,  
He might, thereby, catch a gale

Which authority might founder  
On the shoals of anarchy;  
Now, this act of catching favor  
Is mere matter of Degree!

When Statehood is bought thro promise,  
By which principal is paid,  
Markets must heed well both maxims  
And the principles of Trade.

As who pays free corn for franchise  
All the corn in sight should bin;  
With bestowal of large favors  
Who would public favor win;

Must, himself be its chief patron  
Who would pay with patronage;  
More, who would be served by craftiness  
Should pay craft its highest wage;

Last, who bids for votes in Forum,  
With its Rostrum auction block,  
Where is sold to highest bidder  
Freeman's franchise but as stock,

To the Heavens should look for pointers,  
Lest in Hell Republics free  
Find themselves accursed with freedom  
Bound by damned Plutocracy.

Where, if thus comes "the wealth of Nations"  
And if they thus State's rights secure,  
To buy thus a rich Republic  
May God grant to keep ours poor!

Still, as true as Truth the maxim  
States must pay Right's market price;  
Or less true State—virtue never  
Should be had at cost of vice.



And thus Gracchus, nobly impulsed,  
Idead with a great reform,  
Caught this ichor, then so catching,  
To fall itching. Yet which storm

Octopus of reformation  
Whirled to quicksands more than rock,  
Anarch less, more hydra-headed,  
Grasping, while it grinned, to mock,

Sucking blood, yet without bloodshed.  
Drove the Senate to outbid  
All his bidding, out-reforming  
His reforms, as it lay hid

Back of Tribune Livius Drusus,  
Tribune Gracchus to outdo  
With twelve colonies where Caius  
Only had suggested two.

Gracchus gave homesteads on rental,  
Drusus proffered all lands free.  
Gracchus would have given Romans  
Equal rights; while Drusus' plea

Was for larger rights for Latins.  
Thus was Gracchus' rule outruled;  
Re-reformed his reformations.  
And thus were the people fooled

By a trick as old as falsehood,  
Yet by subterfuge as new  
As political chicanery's  
Last reforms today can do!



Thus the standards, set by Gracchus  
To rebuild the Roman State  
Were storm-snapped; with pious offering  
Blown to wolfish greed. By Fate!

What is Fate? Well worth considering:  
Life's inexorable laws,  
Most beneficently fateful,  
Give to hungry wolves fierce jaws

Which, thro logical conclusion,  
Must be fed, and this thro stealth,  
Which wolves all possess in common.  
So, too, with a commonwealth,

Thro the selfsame laws of nature,  
Which, if it to Avarice breed  
Wolfish tendencies, e'er venal,  
Avariciously must feed.

Logical conclusions ever  
Must be cruel as is Fate,  
And as well be hydra-headed  
When an anarchistic State

Grows an head on every faction;  
Whose bad laws must be obeyed  
Both in Ethics and Religion,  
As in Statehood so with Trade.

And if Statehood, by greed blinded,  
Can't Time's tendencies discern,  
Nor see omens, nor read portents  
Must from fatal blindness learn!

Ten years since Tiberius Gracchus  
To the Tiber had been swept  
With three hundred of his following.  
Still whose brother, Caius, kept

Yet his faith in Roman manhood;  
Worked his work, and said his say;  
Marked his course, to follow in it,  
And, like him, he went his way

To the Tiber, while his following,  
Each a Roman citizen,  
Shot to death by Cretan archers  
Now was multiplied by ten.

Thus began the dire beginning  
Of her last sad century  
As Republic. With the ending  
Of Rome's free democracy,—

Thousands multiplied by hundreds,  
While Fate's fratricidal blood  
Which insensate ravening Tiber  
Fed her fishes thro the flood

Of a lawless legislation,  
And development of jaw,  
When Rome changed five times in forty  
Years its venal Courts of Law.

Thus, moreover, each Republic,  
Having lost its head, may see—  
Nothing! Yet, as seen by others,  
Plutocratic Anarchy.

With the Senate's vote, "tumultus"—  
By a legal fiction which  
Raised a tumult—now the Consul,  
L. Opimius, surnamed, rich,

Who had wealth as Senate power,  
But thro pride and purchase, led  
Mercenaries 'gainst the Commons,  
When he offered for its head

Weight in gold. Rome must be wealthy,  
Or her people wretched poor  
When of Roman heads the brainiest  
Of them all to thus secure.

Yet with gold the Senate bought it  
Of a Tribune, and thus made  
Anarchy of her Headless Commons  
By the natural law of Trade!

When Opimius, rich but pious,  
Temple to Concordia built,  
Tho three thousands' blood of patriots  
He in discord thus had spilt.

Aye, Plutocracy was pious,  
And despite the righteous odds  
Of Democracy against it  
Could buy favor of its gods;

And whose piety in portents  
And in omens never saw,  
Altho Justice had been vanquished,  
But the triumphing of Law!

While the sapient Seviola,  
Of her lawyers held most wise,  
Held the Senate's action legal  
To its powers thus exercise.

Which expedience wise Caiaphas  
Counseled to the Jewish plot  
That one man die for the people  
That the nation perish not.

And so then, as it is ever,  
Must expedience sequence draw  
To the logical conclusion  
Rich expedience is poor law!

One omen more. When unarmed Gracchus  
To Diana's Temple fled  
To find refuge and protection,  
Found in vain he here was led,

For no peering on her pureness  
Brooked Diana; thence Fate drove,  
By Law's logical conclusion,  
Him to the fierce Furies' Grove.

Too, so, then, as it is ever,  
Who would in Republics find  
Utter nakedness, he better  
By the Fates have been made blind.

Cruel logical conclusions!  
May God open so our eyes  
To the fate of Rome's sad last, that  
Our first Centuries shall be wise!

















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